La Vigna

Vol. XXIII, ISSUE 3 ***CHRISTMAS ISSUE*** **December 1996**

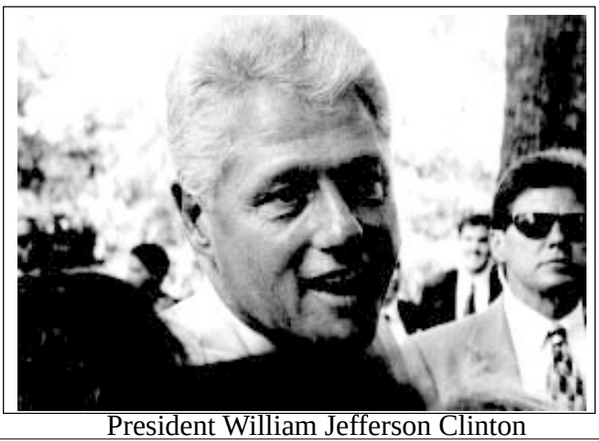


photo By Ira Bilancio

President William Jefferson Clinton

Bill Clinton Comes To Kalamazoo

By Ira Bilancio

Clinton's coming to town! My dad and my third cousin Sonia Pasquinelli, who was visiting from Rome, went to the Kalamazoo Democratic Headquarters to get our tickets for the August 28 event.

When the day came my dad Fran, my mom Angelica, my brother Lou, Sonia, and I went to the park where the President's speech was to be held. We had to park five blocks away. The gates opened at 11:00 A.M. and Clinton

Continued on page 6

Letter To My Cousin

By Lucy Gervasio

The 1994 *La Vigna* Picnic must have stimulated a nostalgia which brought back memories of the early family picnics at 90 Eggerts Rd. What an enjoyable pastime reminiscing! (More fun than looking at snapshots).

There was one gala picnic which made my mind camera get stuck on why I enjoy being your cousin. If you remember that picnic took months to plan. We all formed committees

Continued on page 3

http://home.earthlink.net/~mackimouse

By Dean Acquaviva

It has been years in the making, a treasured dream huddled tenderly in the hands of a precious few, like a small flame which illuminates the darkness, shielded from the cold wind which threatened to extinguish its energy, it was born.

What am I talking about? Well the title of the article should give you some clue, unless you aren't a web surfer, in which

Continued on page 5

Days of Magic

By Dean Acquaviva

Some days have a timeless quality to them which is indescribable, you simply know it when it happens. These days seem to have the same smells and sights, you feel that the normal flow of time is somehow interrupted on these days. Each year as they come to pass, we seem to get

Continued on page 6

Impressions of America

By Sonia Pasquinelli

I believe that the person who uses six words to say something which could have been said with only five is a dangerous person.

I will try here to be less dangerous.

Besides, what I could say about all I've seen in more than a month in the States seems useless, because it is so difficult to talk about the quick and fragile impressions one recieves new worlds are seen, especially when writing in a langauge which is not your native tongue. I feel that during this trip people have made the real difference.

Continued on page 5

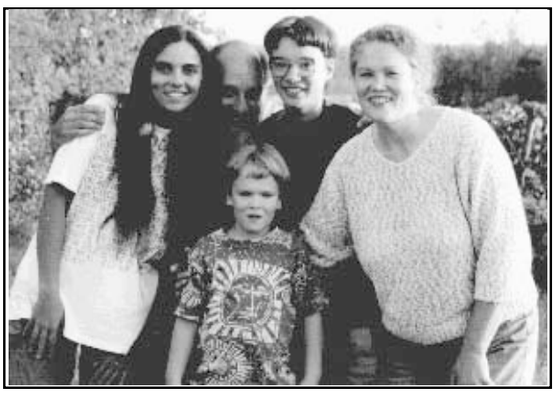


photo by Matt Conti

Sonia, Fran, Ira, Angelica and Lou in Michigan

Sonia Brings Italy To U.S.

By Angelica Roberts

Summer brings many of us the joy of re-uniting with family after a separation of time and distance. The summer of 1996 brought a special joy when Sonia Pasquinelli came from Italy.

Her visit gave the Bilancio family a greater sense of wholeness, across generations of family history, and across the barrier between two languages.

Thanks to Uncle Lew's and Bernice's vision of bringing family together, this past August New Jersey's Long Beach Island became the focal point for a convergence of family

Continued on page 6

Travels With Sonia

By Dean Acquaviva



This summer for the month of August, and part of September, our country was a brighter and more beautiful place as it was being graced by the presence of a charming Italian native, Sonia Pasquinelli, daughter of Amalia Pasquinelli who is the daughter of the late Carmelina Castaldi. Sonia represented the native Italian

Continued on page 5

Christmas 1996

Dear Friend,
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. This special season reminds us again of the ideals of peace, of justice, and of good will. It also gives us the opportunity to tell you about our happenings in the past year, and hopefully to learn of yours.

We started 1996 in Florida where we were visited by Jane (Bilancio) and James Spillers, Jonathan and Rachel, and by Corinne, Peter and Eva. Together we enjoyed Disney World-- Eva and Peter for the first time. Eva attracted Cinderella and many friendly animals. When we came out of "It's a Small World," we went right back in line again.

In the summer, during our month at our Jersey shore apartment in Ship Bottom, we hosted friends and family from Italy, California, New Mexico, Virginia, Michigan, and Pennsylvania.

The beach and weather were the best we've had.

In October Lew traveled to Rome where he rendezvoused with Corinne, Peter and Eva (from Denmark), staying in Aldo Pasquinelli's home for 10 days. We enjoyed a memorable supper at Roberto Castaldi's home with all our Roman relatives.

There has been a very expensive election this year, but little has changed. People agree with Clinton that we are better off. But what about the "Seniors" who are living on the down curve, hopelessly fighting the ravages of time? Nor should we ignore some widening cracks in the veneer of our civilization.

We still have not learned how to deal with evil persons, evil groups, and evil nations without becoming evil ourselves.

How fortunate that my granddaughter Eva is so young that I won't have to explain to her why we have to use armored regiments to bring food to starving children. Nor do I have to explain why because of a bomb threat she must quickly evacuate her school today, or her city in an atomic tomorrow. Eva is 2 1/2 years old, the perfect age to hear about Santa Claus; and, with more truth, about the world of *LaVigna*, full of relatives, friends, and love. And the hope that all of you will have

A wonderful Holiday Season,

Lew and Bernice

"He who has no Christmas in his heart will never find Christmas under a tree."

La Vigna

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Assistant Editor.....Clora Acquaviva
Circulation.....William Bilancio
Style Consultant.....Robert Immordino

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY



LA VIGNA READERS

August

4....Jason Armenti
5....Bob Candelori
8....Phyllis Armenti
9....Joe"Bear"Guerra
10...Cheri Candelori
11...Clothilda Acquaviva
11.....Joe Guerra
12...Joe Armenti
12.....Scott Chianese
14...Justin Thomas
14.....Reed Thomas
19...Jane Spillers
21...Henry Montague
22...Lucy Gervasio
23...Damon Klepczynski
23.....Phillip Nazzaro
26...Sylvia Bilan
27...Rose Chianese
29...Bob Immordino
31...Gerald Chianese
31.....Robert Garcia
.....Felicia Garzio

September

1....Terry Bilancio
1....Robert Candelori
3....Nick Armenti
5....John Anthony
9....Anthony Sciscio
14...Robert Chianese
15...Gloria Lewis Bilancio
22...Cristina Candelori
24...Lee Esposito
24...Grace Mazzatelli
26...Dennis Chianese
29...Clelia Schultz

October

2....Lilia Chianese
3....Katherine Chianese
10...Ray Armenti
15...Susan Picascia
19...Jennie Bilancio
19.....Mickey Chianese
30...Bernice Smailer
29.....Tim Montague
29...Christy Gervasio
27...Angelica Roberts
26...Michael Gervasio

November

1....Maria Armenti
10...Robert L. Chianese
12...Tracey Montague
13...Beatrice Johnson
15...Dean Acquaviva
19...Sue Garzio
21...Maria Pedata
22...Ron Armenti
24...Erma Candelori
25...Frank Garzio Sr.
26...Rae Bilancio
29...Janele Klepczynski
29...Michael Roth
30...Carie MacLeod
30...Bette Acquaviva-Thomas

December

5....Corinne Bilancio
7....Scott Schutts
15...Carmen Armenti
16...Beatrice Wiesner-Chianese
21...Ivan Bilancio
31...Jonathan Spillers
31...Suzanne Roth
25...Kimberly Chianese
23...Brian Josephson
23...Anthony Armenti

Letters

Hello from The Left Coast

Hello to all of my aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends. It's been just over a year since we moved from New Jersey to California. I remember one of my main objectives before I left was to be at the 1995 *LaVigna* Picnic. It has always been an important event for me not to miss. I'm given the opportunity to see the wonderful extended family that I rarely see through the remainder of the year. Thank you, Dean and Clora for making that possible. Perhaps you are not aware of how much it may mean to some of us

The past year has been difficult, leaving family and friends after living all of my life in the same town I grew up in. But on the other hand it has also been a real growth process. I've heard the phrase, "Learn to love the changes". I guess if you can do that throughout your life, you'll be ok whatever ok means.

Rocklin California is a very pleasant place to live. Lake Tahoe and San Francisco just 100 miles away. And wine country just 1 1/2 hours away. Such beauty and culture within reach! Bud, Alicia, and Anthony are all doing well. We surely miss everyone, but we've been lucky enough to have some immediate family visit and we were home? (NJ) for a visit in June. I wanted to wait until the picnic, but I just couldn't hold out until then. We will be there in spirit. Love to everyone, and if you ever get out to the west coast, please contact us:

3227 Outlook Dr.
Rocklin, CA 95765
(916) 632-6825
Love from Lilia (Chianese) Sciscio

Jane Chianese Remembers

August 12, 1996
Dear Dean and Clora,

As usual your generous hospitality was wonderful. I know that everyone had a good time. It is nice to see young and old mixed together. We all gain something from that.

Your garden is a terrific place for that kind of gathering. I particulary like the little yard you have to walk through an ivy path to get to. It looks like a good hiding place to me.

My parents had a cabin in the north woods of Michigan and my dad made trails through the woods similar to that. My brother and I did enjoy those woods. He still owns part of them, but a fire destroyed all the buildings a number of years ago.

We all, one summer, lived in a one room cabin that my dad built. It had a huge stone fireplace. The stones came from the land which belonged to great grandfather. We had trails in that woods too. We took baths in a creek nearby. A tornado came through a few years ago and destroyed the cabin and my great grandfather's house and barn and nearly everything else in the area. What is left is the stone chimney.

Well, sorry, I only meant to say thank you, not to go on and on.

Love to you both.
Jane

Summer Vacation 1996

Lorraine Anthony, Family & Friends

Came for a week of fun, expecting to enjoy the sun.
In the driveway boats & jetski we would greet,
So we parked in the street.
Unpacked & put away our food something wasn't right
Refrigerator door just didn't close tight.
The oven door didn't work when I went to cook
So I said, "so what, I'll read a book."
Made some toast it came out very brown
Tried to open some soup the can opener wouldn't go round.
Went out to eat, "What the hell?"
Only three burners work, I wouldn't tell.
It is time to go home and the sun is finally out.
The driveway's clear the boats & jetskis are out.
The "For Rent" sign is still on display
It's beautiful spot on the bay.
Just plan to eat out every night
We are leaving now, home is a beautiful sight.

Letter To My Cousin Cont.

with chairpersons and assigned duties. I believe you were chairman of the entire fete. The result of our effort was that all who attended got to sit down to full breakfast, lunch and supper. We ate, drank and snacked until late at night.

All day activities kept those of all ages (2-85) busy. Decorations and lights were great. Drinks galore for all-all of this ended with everyone singing around the fire with our sweatshirts and sweaters on. A good time was had by all.

However, Lew, guess what the highlight was for me at that wonderfully planned picnic. It was the weekly meeting we would attend where you, Bob Immordino, and I would constantly lock horns over the disbursement of the money to the various committees. I had such fun arguing with you! I believe you did too.

Since this is a “stream of conscious” correspondence, I’ve allowed my mind some freedom to stay with those memories that involve you and the few times we had disputes. I enjoyed each of them. Do you remember our little disagreement at the “*La Vigna* ” meeting? When I recall that incident, I find myself thinking, “ What a guy”.

Today I have been analyzing why I like to argue with you, and see that during a spat:

1. You listen.
2. You remain objective, and dispassionate.
3. You get to the root of the conflict.
4. You stay honest throughout.
5. You are open and informative in the position you take.
6. You do not feel resentful.

At the end of each squabble I felt like my viewpoint did have validity and was seriously considered. I was able to walk away with no resentments and with the feeling that something positive was accomplished.

All of the above points are usually very difficult to find in any sparring partner and I appreciate having had this unique experience with my cousin.

Of course there are also other qualities of yours I enjoy. such as the everyday teaching you do freely in your conversation and the private tours of Rome we took when you taught me so much about the Eternal City (and walked my legs off). In a way, this is a thank you letter for some of the experiences that are so easy to take for granted. So, Thanks again from your cousin. Love, Lucy

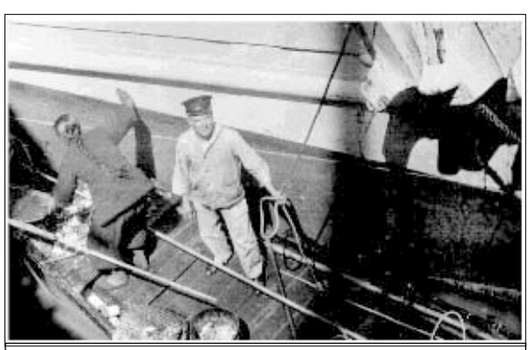
A Reader is Glad to Be Connected

Dear Lorraine,
It's good to hear from you, for it's been such a long time since I heard from you, but I am very glad to hear from you all. I now have the mail forwarded to me since I no longer live in Trenton. I am now living in Pensacola Fla. with my grandchildren. I have been living here for one year in October. In Trenton there was nobody left in my immediate family and the grandchildren invited me to move south.
It is real nice to have all my mail sent here from Trenton, otherwise I wouldn't be getting the *LaVigna*, so that is why I am sending this to you. I am glad to hear that you all can get together like old times at the picnic. The reason I am writing to Lorraine is because her name is on the issue of *LaVigna*, but say hello to all my relatives.
I am going to be ninety-two years old on the 19th of October, thank the good lord for my good health. I am glad that they sent me this *LaVigna* or else I could never stay in touch with you. It sure feels great to have gotten the *LaVigna* or I just don't know when we would get together. I know you also will be surprised to hear from me too. At least I will have felt like I have seen someone in the family.
I see where one lady just passed away, she seemed like a nice lady--Carmellina, I am sorry for her family.
I just lost my only son Nick, now it seems as if I don't have anyone. My mother died when I was 8 years old and she left 7 children which I raised, they are all gone but me. I can't see why they took everyone else and did not take me.
I sure would like to hear from anyone back in Trenton, my address is at the end of this letter. For now I think I have covered about all. I hope to hear from you all soon, I know it will be a shock.
So long as my health is good I'll hang in there. Stay well and give our relatives my best wishes.
Just think, when you read this I'll be 92 years old. Will close with lots of love to all.

Jennie Bilancio
Sugar Tree Ave.
Pensacola, FL 32503

Editors Note:

La Vigna Family and Friends sent Jennie a birthday bouquet to help make her 92nd birthday special one, and let her know that we were thinking of her also.



Pictured here is Jenny Bilancio's brother from a photo he sent her during WWII. He is standing on a Chinese "Junk" which collected garbage from the U.S. ships.

Armenti Awarded Scholarship

Celeste Armenti, daughter of Karen Armenti was awarded a Fulbright Scholarship for graduate study in Europe for the 1996-97 school year.
She recieved her Bachelor of Science degreee, summa cum laude, from Drexel University in June of this year.
Celeste will be studying in both Belgium and Brussels.
Her academic career at Drexel has been marked with the receipt of a number of prestigious awards and she was on the dean's list throughout her undergraduate program.
We here at La Vigna wish to express our shared joy in her accomplishments, and our hopes for her continued success.

Rocket To Stardom

Kristeena Anthony is Hollywood bound! This talented bundle of energy has been studying dance and modeling at the Watson-Johnson Dance Theater, for a number of years now.
She competed in this year's All-American Talent Award Competition in Harrisburg, PA, and described it as, "the highlight of my life". Her dance ensemble group took first place this year.
She is coached and supported by her mother, Jacki Anthony, in her quest for stardom, and I know she'll go far for she has all the right stuff.

The Gift Of Life

By Dean Acquaviva

For quite some time now my wife and I had been discussing the fact that we had a desire to donate blood. It gives a person a sense of accomplishment unequalled by anything, and knowing that the simple relatively painless procedure could result in the saving of a life, makes ordinary people feel very heroic.
Well I finally got around to acting on my altruistic notions but in a slighly different manner.
I became the liaison between the Lawrence Township First Aid Squad and the Comunity Blood Council of Mercer County and together we mounted a blood drive on August 29, which yielded 32 units of blood from the 41 potential donors.
All in attendance were in very good spirits despite the unpleasant moment they all knew lay in their future. Among those who donated were my wife Clora, her sons Henry and Tim and Tim's wife Tracey. I was turned down as a donor for having poison ivy, which I accepted with some degree of resolve and relief.
It was quite an event for me for I had never planned something of this magnitude, even though it was small on a planetary scale. I contacted newspapers, radio stations, placed posters with local merchants and sought food donations for the donors.I even got to place a sign in the local high school's marquee to advertise the function.
I wholly recommend getting involved with something like this on any level you can, whether you organize a drive at work or just give blood whenever you can...you'll feel great about yourself, it truly is giving the gift of life!

Impressions Of America-cont.

As a European citizen, I would like to express how important our different conceptions of time and space are. The first feelings I had here were: If I'm not lost yet, I will be soon!

Of course, in such a situation the warmth you can feel from the people who surround you becomes something which sustains you.

First I ought to express how I always felt the caring of family and never felt alone. Every person I've met, from the most familiar relatives to friends of friends, have been more than just kind and nice... truly close.

I could talk a great deal about people and what I think I'm bringing back to Italy with me, but believe me my flight is rapidly approaching and it is very difficult to explain my innermost thoughts and feelings as my stomach knots with the emotions of leaving here, and returning to my home.

I will release myself from the task of writing, knowing that silence is golden. For now I will enjoy the sound of my silent mind and soul.

I have just two words: Thank you. Thank you.

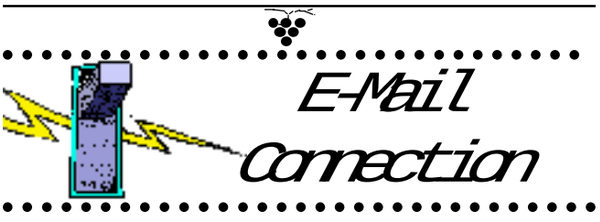
http://home.earthlink.net/~mackimouse-cont.

case URL's (Uniform Resource Locators) will not be familiar to you.

Well in plain Engish, the *LaVigna* Website has arrived! Now all of you with any access to a computer with internet capabilities can log on to the site by using the address which is the title of this article.

At the site you will find many features you are already familiar with, and some new ones too.

It will function as both an on-line copy of the most current LaVigna, also as an archive and a communication device between on-line family members. In articles by people with e-mail addresses there will be hot links to send them e-mail with one click of your mouse, so you can read there article and respond to them immediately if you're so inclined.



Some feedback from those who've "Been there, done that"

Subject: **WOW!!**
Date: Thu, 14 Nov 1996 16:26:01 -0500
Dean
A HUGE thank you for the outstanding web site for La Vigna. I had just a few minutes this morning to look at it and was really impressed. You have accomplished an outstanding feat and should be very proud of the results.
More tomorrow. Thanks again, Carolyn MacLeod

Subject: **Looks good**
Date: Thu, 14 Nov 96 07:48:00 PST
Dean,
Hit the web page this morning at work. IT looks good. The changes you made look great. Again it looks good.
William Bilancio

Travels With Sonia-Cont.

community with the exuberant spirit she brought to her American relatives.

She traveled mainly on the east coast and had stays at the Jersey beach, The La Vigna Picnic, many day trips to New York City (including a visit to Ellis Island) and Philadelphia, and a stay at Fran Bilancio's Michigan farm. But the visit I am most familiar with was her trip to Washington DC, for my wife and I acted as her tour guides.

The three and one half hour ride to Washington was time enough to exchange pleasantries, catch up on her trip to Michigan, and for she and my wife to get some sleep.

Once in town we felt compelled to initiate ourselves to the walking we could expect to do over the course of the Labor Day weekend.We took a short walk, purchased modest groceries, and got our first glimpse of the Washington Monument at night.

We started our first day with a visit to the National Air and Space Museum, where we viewed the "Enola Gay", the B-52 which dropped the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima. The plane is being refurbished and the fuselage and many parts are on display along with some very interesting artifacts from the war. Then we proceeded to the National Holocaust Museum where the horrors of war became all too clear. We went home to nap and recover from the gloom we had encountered, then dressed for Georgetown where we walked, took in the sights and dined at a Thai restaurant. On our way home we viewed the Capital building, the White House, and the Lincoln Memorial all at night, which is the only way to see them for the full, awe inspiring effect.

The next day was our last so we went hunting for true culture. We found it at the National Gallery of Art, where we perused the likes of Monet, Manet, Van Gogh, and John Singer Sargent, just to name a few. We went to the east wing to see the moderns and took in George Segal, DuBuffet, David Smith, Alexander Calder, Tony Smith, all the greats of modern art.

Then as suddenly as it had started it was over and time to make the three and one half hour drive back to Trenton and our everyday lives again.

Sonia thanked us for helping her see so much of Washington in so little time, but it was really our pleasure to share some of our national pride with a family member from the other side of the Atlantic.

Others Discover *La Vigna* On Line!

Subject: **Hi**
Date: Thu, 05 Dec 1996 13:59:00 -0800
Hi. I stumbled across your web page by searching on geneology. My ancestors are also from Italy. I have been curious to see if I can trace any of our roots. My family name is Casasanto. Are you familiar with that name or have any suggestions for me to proceed.
Thank you. Jill Millek (Casasanto)

Date: Mon, 02 Dec 1996 20:26:46 -0500
Subject: **Help with finding relatives in Italy**
Hello, Do you know how I can help my father trace his living relatives (whom he never had the chance to meet before coming to Canada). We do have confirmation from a town in Italy that there are living relatives with the same last name. Any advice you could lend would be greatly appreciated.
Thanks, Lucy Casacia

Sonia Brings Italy To U.S. Cont.

energy from three countries and numerous states. Corinne and little Eva represented Denmark. And Sonia, Italy.

It was wonder enough to be at the ocean with dear ones and watch all the young cousins playing as Jane and James Spillers visited from Georgia with their children, Jonathan and Rachel.

But the beautiful simplicity of life at the shore was enriched by cultures meshing—languages, stories, songs for the children, and laughter.

The theme of reunion continued at the annual *La Vigna* picnic hosted by Dean and Clora Acquaviva at the Eggerts Road homestead.

Francis, Ira, Luigi, and I brought memories of the fullness of reunion gatherings back home, and welcomed Sonia as she came to visit the Michigan Bilancio's in America's heartland. Again we had the luxury of perfect weather and reflective conversations, this time under trees, by a still lake, and at evening fires.

And now we think of you, Sonia. We wish you and our relatives in Italy well.

Clinton Comes To Kalamazoo Cont.

didn't arrive until 3:00-we got there at 9:00 and already 200 people were at the gate.

After we waited for about five hours some lady tried to get the crowd pumped up with chants of "Clinton and Gore for four more!"- and failed. The crowd gave her a message instead-"WE WANT CLINTON!". But we still had to wait for about seven Greyhound buses full of the press to unload. Finally, the Secret Service's limousines and then Clinton's limousine came. Clinton got out into a covered walk-way so he would not be a target. When he got to the podium he first thanked the people who made his visit possible and then gave a forty-five minute speech on the environment. I don't think that very many people listened to it. They were too busy trying to get photos. When he ended his speech he shook hands for half an hour, my hand included, and entered the covered walk-way back to his limo.

After he left they played "La Macarena" over the P.A. system. I wonder, did Clinton it too?

Days of Magic-Cont.

enveloped by the gossamer web they weave and suddenly Christmas becomes the sum total of every Christmas we've ever experienced: the impish six-year old in us comes floating to the surface of our consciousness, nervous anticipation mixed with giddy excitement.

The Family Picnic Day is one of those days, even though it never seems to fall on the same day two years in a row. I can taste the picnic from the first moment when my eyes open lazily to face the day, not literally taste, but a visceral taste which comes from the body of that inner child six year old insistent to be recognized, urging me on to all the fun there is to be had. As the day continues, the familiar feelings turn into reality as the picnic gets underway. Soon I'm swept up in the here and now as the faces, voices, smiles and laughter begin to surround me.

The events of the day unfold before me as a tapestry of family, friends, and fun and soon the visions of the day to be are subsiding, swirling into the reality of the picnic in full swing.

We all had fun, even my wife and I, who usually spend our day shuttling back and forth grabbing a quick "hello", on the fly, a brief peck on the cheek between moving food, games and lawn furniture. This year was different... somehow we managed to release ourselves into the flow of festivities and just enjoy!

The day itself was stellar, almost no humidity, temperatures abnormally low (possibly a rebate from last year) while robin's egg skies punctuated by cotton soft clouds rolled by above at a pace which announced, "relax and enjoy yourself". Even the trees cooperated by providing the most luscious shade one could desire, for those inclined to recline.

The games soon took on an air of true competition, the quoit court saw grudge matches the likes of which may never exist again. The volleyball court was the scene of a hotly contested game in which the Montague brothers became bitter rivals in the name of good fun. Bocce was enjoyed by a large group who seemed very officious in their scoring But the real fun seemed to be the picnic wide water balloon toss, it drew the largest crowd to compete in any single event.

We were graced by the presence of some who came from around the globe in their quest to be at the *La Vigna* Picnic. We bore collective witness to the constant growth of the fabric of our family in its new generation of proud young picnic goers who will keep the tradition alive when we no longer can.

A True Christmas Miracle

By Dean Acquaviva

Most of us are lucky in that we live our lives with only the relatively mild unpleasantries caused by cold, flues and the like until we are rather advanced in our years. My cousin, Dina Miffin and husband Bernie, have a 15 month old girl who has seen more surgery in her short life than I ever wish to.

Alexis Miffin was born with a heart defect which necessitated a heart transplant within the first few months of the infant girls life.

Unfortunately the heart she received was also damaged and began to fail, requiring yet another transplant.

She was put on a waiting list and had to live at the Childrens Hospital of Philadelphia until a donor heart could be found.

On Tuesday, December 8th, the miracle her parents prayed for happened--A donor heart was located and after six long hours of surgery, the second heart was in place, giving Alexis and her whole family a new chance for life. She was up and playing two days later, showing great signs of full recovery.

The medical bills they encountered are astounding, and the couple's savings were depleted months ago. But the generosity of friends, family, and even stranges has been pouring in to help, and The National Heart Assist and Transplant Fund is trying to help by defraying some of the costs. Anyone wishing to help can contact the "Have A Heart for Baby Alexis" drive at: (800) 642-8399 All of our prayers for a speedy recovery go out to Alexis and her family.

Robert E. Newcomb

Robert E. Newcomb, of 208 Highview Dr., Blacksburg, VA, died there Saturday, Oct. 19, 1996, of cancer.



He is survived by his wife, Nadine Jones Newcomb, three children: Nikki, of Santa Cruz, CA, John Newcomb and his wife, Jennifer, of Blacksburg, VA, and Steven Newcomb and his wife, Vicky, of Rochester, NY, and seven grandchildren.

He was a graduate of Amherst College and the University of Pennsylvania Law School, where he met his wife. During World War II he served as an officer in the Navy.

Intelligent, handsome, devoted to his family. His children were fortunate; indeed, all who knew him benefited.

The family resided in Glassboro, NJ. Mr. Newcomb was a corporate lawyer for the Campbell Soup Co. for 35 years. He served on the Glassboro Planning Board, the Board of Education, and as a trustee of the Public Library.

For him these services were exercises in civic responsibility, not stepping stones to political power. He never ran for political office perhaps because he did not have the requisite vices.

The fates spun many strands linking the Newcombs to me and I am grateful. When I started a Great Books Group in 1957 at Glassboro State College,they were the first to join and were faithful members until they moved to Blacksburg in 1988. But they were more than that they were the best participants. Robert Newcomb was the best Great-Booker I've ever met.

Nadine and her children joined my agency's first tour of Europe in 1959, 63 days of adventure in ten countries ($1175, all meals included!). They were ideal tourists. Robert, husband and father, stayed home making it possible.

When the IRS attacked my travel agency, Robert Newcomb came to my rescue, much to the discomfiture of the IRS.

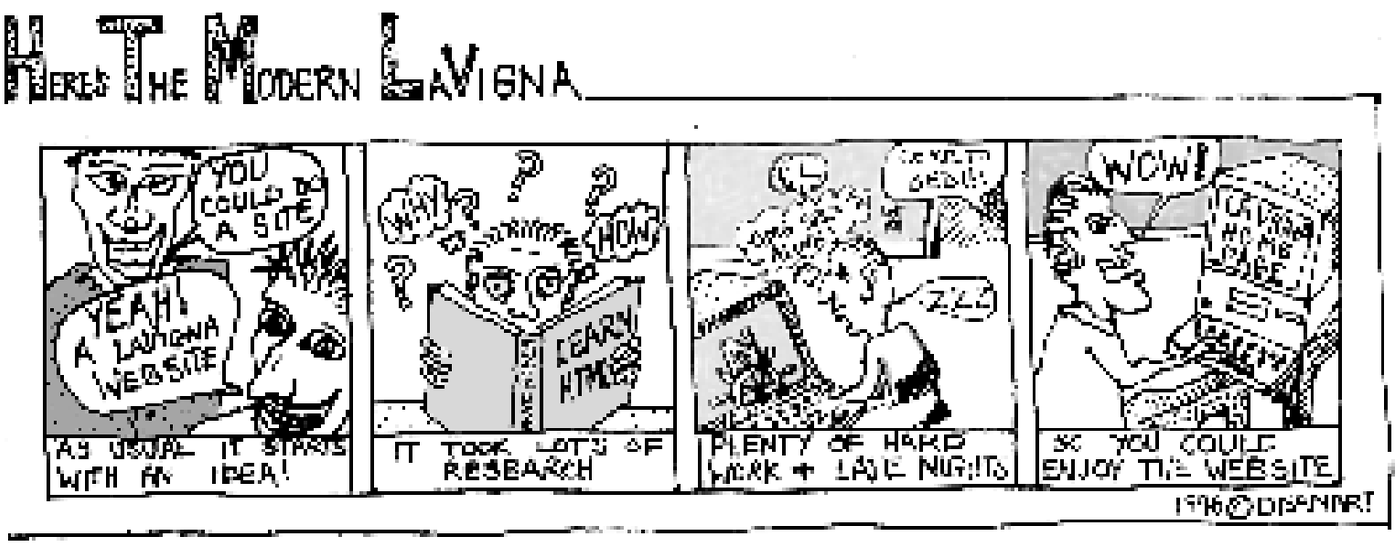
When I discovered the island of Margarite in the Caribbean, both Nadine and Bob came along to enjoy it with me, adding to the enjoyment of all of us. Bob was a part of many of the most pleasant parts of my life.

And now, Ciao, dear Robert, Ciao. My heaven will have Mr.Robert E. Newcomb, Esquire and Gentleman, in it.

Fran Remembers...

"My 1960 visit with Steve Newcomb was among the most memorable times of my boyhood. I have never forgotten the fun, the easy hospitality and the grace extended to me by him and his family--his brother John, his Mom, and his Dad Robert Newcomb."
Fran Bilancio

"What we have done for ourselves alone dies with us. What we have done for others and the world remains and is immortal"
Albert Pine



La Cucina

RED PEPPER PASTA

Serves 4 to 6

Ingredients:

3 Tablespoons olive oil
3 red bell peppers
1 pinch crushed hot red peppers
1 large onion
1 teaspoon freshly ground pepper, black
3 cloves garlic
1/2 teaspoon fennel seeds
1 cube Knorr's chicken bouillon
1 teaspoon capers
1 cup dry vermouth or dry white wine
8 Greek olives
1/2 pound sliced mushrooms
1 pound short pasta
(penne, ziti or fusili)

Mince garlic
Chop onion
Prepare peppers in 1/4" strips
Heat olive oil, brown garlic, add onions, fennel seed and hot red pepper; cook until onions are clear.
Add red peppers, chopped and pitted red olives. Cook about ten minutes.
Add bouillon cube and capers.
Add wine or vermouth
Cover and simmer for about ten minutes
At the same time you start the above, put about 6 to 8 quarts water into pot and bring to boil. Cook pasta recommended time. Drain, put into pasta bowl and toss with pepper mixture.

Submitted by Terence Bilancio

Persimmon Tree Discovery

Joe Bird, family friend and tree enthusiast, recently discovered at the Hamilton/Trenton Marsh the largest known Persimmon tree in New Jersey.

The Persimmon is an indiginous species. It's wood has been used for golf club heads, and it's fruit is valued by humans and wildlife alike.

At four feet above ground, the circumference of the newly found champion measures 67", much larger than the current list champion, which measures 42".

La Vigna Family Newsletter
Wishes all It's Readers
The Very **Happiest Holidays**
And A **Happy, Healthy 1997**

La Vigna

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